THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXI SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., DECEMBER 27, 1911 No. 52

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PRAYER.

"Lord, give me a place in the world's great fight,
The fight for the good and the true;
A place where the wrong outrivals the right,
And there's a soldier's work to do.

Help me to grapple some monster wrong
That baffles the good and the true,
With a white-hot heart, and a tireless song,
And a far hope in view.

Hold fast my gaze to that gleaming height,
Lest, urged by reproach or applause,
I battle more from lust of fight
Than love of a Christ-like cause.

Yet show me the worth of the next small hill,
As well as the distant peak;
Instruct me when to wait and be still,
And when to stand forth and speak.

Give me patience, Lord, for a steady trudge
Through the league-long dust and heat,
And a dogged faith that will not budge,
Come victory or defeat."

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 8, 1879.

W. W. FERRIER ..... **Editor**

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE ATTORNEY AND HIS CLIENT.

Clarence Darrow, the attorney in the McNamara defense in Los Angeles, stands condemned generally as a man who did what no lawyer of right character would do. Long after he was convinced of the guilt of the men he attempted by every artifice and quibble and technicality to so shape the trial that they would be declared innocent. It is gratifying to see the "secular" papers all over the country condemning him. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says editorially: "It is not the lawyer's business to clear a guilty man; it is not the lawyer's business to convict an innocent man; it is his business to see that his client enjoys all the rights, privileges and immunities to which he is entitled under the laws of his country, and, if accused of crime, that he has a fair and impartial trial. When a lawyer to this extent protects his client he goes as far as his professional obligations require him to go. Darrow went further and sought to shield and clear men guilty of shockingly brutal crimes, and by so much has shamed his profession." This is but a sample of what is being said throughout the country.

We are reminded of Abraham Lincoln's attitude as a lawyer—a man who can be held up as a shining example in so many ways to the people. One of his biographers says that Mr. Lincoln was a very weak lawyer when engaged by the weak side, and this side he never took if by careful investigation of the case he could avoid it. If a man went to him with the proposal to institute a suit, he examined carefully the man's ground for the action. If these were good he entered upon the case and prosecuted it faithfully to the end. If the grounds were not good he would have nothing to do with the case. He invariably advised the applicant to dismiss the matter, telling him frankly that he had no case and ought not to prosecute. Sometimes he was deceived. Sometimes he discovered in the middle of a trial, by the revelation of a witness that his client had lied to him. After the moment that he was convinced that justice was opposed to him and his client he lost all his enthusiasm and all his courage. Indeed, he lost all interest in the case. His efforts for his client after that moment were simply mechanical, for he would not lie for any man, or strive to make the worse appear the better reason for anyone. He had a genuine interest in the establishment of justice between man and man. As a citizen, as a lover of good order, as a man who believed in truth and justice, he was by every instinct of his nature opposed to the success of villainy and the triumph of wrong, and he would not sell himself to purposes of injustice and immorality.

When his clients had practiced gross deception upon him he forsook their cases in mid-passage. On one occasion, when engaged upon an important case, he discovered that he was on the wrong side. His associate in the case was informed at once that he would not make the plea. The associate made it; and the case, much to the surprise of Lincoln, was decided for his client. Perfectly convinced that their client was wrong Lincoln would not accept one cent of the fee of nine hundred dollars which was paid.

THE MOVEMENT IN THE "CHRISTIAN" CHURCH FOR A MORE CONSISTENT POSITION ON BAPTISM.

It was stated recently in The Pacific that two "Christian" or Disciple, churches, in this country already had taken the position which the "First Christian Church" of Berkeley, is likely to take unequivocally as soon as the matter can be voted on—that of receiving unimmersed believers into membership by letter. A few days ago we came across a letter from Vacaville to The Christian Century, of Chicago, in which was a paragraph or two bearing on this. With reference to persons just received it was said:

"We received one from the Congregationalists, and one from the Methodists. These did not come however, by the way of the baptistry. It was not because they were converted from Congregationalism or Methodism to an acceptence of "our plea." They came because they believed us to be Christians, and we believed them to be. It was simply a mutual recognition of our common Christianity. We welcomed them to a church home, there being none of their own faith and order in the town. Moving to another community they will probably affiliate with the churches of their first love. In our community they preferred a home with us. I do not know just what you would call this plan, which our church unanimously adopted about a year ago, but for which, in a small community like this, we seldom have use. The fact is we have not named it. But what possible objection can there be to it?

"It may be interesting to report that two sons of the Congregationalist mother who came to us, confessed their faith in Christ during the meeting, and were immersed. It was not because they had read Campbell, or Briney, or even the New Testament on the subject of baptism, and were convinced that immersion alone was right; but because they fe't themselves free to choose the practice of the church of their choice. They were immersed solely on the grounds of Christian liberty. It was to them a solemn dedication of their lives to Jesus Christ, and there was no more joyful witness to the rite than the mother.

"The mother by the way, Mrs. K. F. M. Cleaves, supervisor of music in the Vacaville schools, and choir leader of our church, was the competent leader of the music during the meeting. Her work was very satisfactory, though it was her first experience. As a soloist she is peerless."

The mother herein mentioned, is a daugheter of a pioneer Congregational minister, the Rev. George Morris of Alameda.

Such an item as the foregoing, if given general circulation among the people of the "Christian" fellowship, ought to start some serious thinking that would result in changes that would advance the interests of that religious body considerably. Here we have it: A mother who was a Congregationalist was received into membership without immersion being required. Next, her two sons, who had never been baptized, not because they were convinced that only immersion is baptism, submitted to that mode of administration because that was the mode the church practiced; and the mother, though she had not been immersed and did not intend to be, looked on joyfully.

If all our brethren of the "Christian" fellowship would come up to such ground as this they would advance their plea for church unity more at once than they can advance it in ten centuries if they stand by their iron-clad exclusiveness.

As we finish the foregoing we are made aware by the arrival of "The Christian Evangelist" for December the 21st, that report of the agitation in the Berkeley church, of which we gave account last week, has reached the East and the air is considerably stirred. The Christian Evangelist" remarks that should the position that is advocated be taken by any considerable number of men and churches "the establishment of another denomination would be the certain result." And the further statement is:

"We wonder why these young brethren among us who desire to have unbaptized people in their churches do not enter the ministry of those denominations where there can be no divisions on this subject. Their ministry in such churches would be far more fruitful and less divisive than it could ever be among the Disciples of Christ.

"It is to be hoped the wiser brethren of Berkeley may be able to prevent the inevitable division and harm that would come to that important church by such departure from the plain teaching of Scripture on that important ordinance in the New Testament Church. It is, furthermore, greatly to be desired that our promising young Brother Loken may be taught the way of the Lord more perfectly and be saved to what promised to be a most useful ministry."

We beg leave to differ with The Christian Evangelist, and express the hope that Mr. Loken and others who may stand with him will remain in their present fellowship and thus be a leavening influence for the bringing of all to a more consistent position.

And while this is going on it is to be hoped that some one will start a movement to get this church which is now a great and influential religious body to adopt some name by which it can be designated other than the name Christian, which is a general term applicable to churches of all denominations. So confusing is the use of the word that in an editorial service on secular and religious papers most of the time since 1880 the present writer has invariably put the word Christian in quotation marks when referring to this religious body, or has mentioned it as the Church of the Disciples, a name preferred by some of their fellowship.

Our dim eyes seek a beacon,
And our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mystery
Seek a meaning and a key;
But a cross shines on our pathway,
On it hangs the Crucified,
And He answers all our longings
With the whisper, "Follow Me."

—Longfellow.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Andrew Carnegie was recently asked to name the world's twenty greatest men, men who "have made the world what it is." His list is chiefly remarkable for its omissions. Germany, for instance, is represented by Siemens, but knows nothing of Martin Luther. Scotland's list contains seven names, but omits John Knox; whilst England's list contains the names of Kaye and Arkwright, but no room is found either for Wycliffe, Cromwell, or Wesley. The list is instructive, as showing how the world looks from the wealthy iron-master's point of view. The people who 'have made the world what it is," are, in the main, in Mr. Carnegie's opinion, those who are concerned with its material interests, its iron, steel, and coal, its inventions and discoveries, whilst the saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, are not counted.

Gladstone Dowie has forsaken the faith of his father, founder of Zion City, and now is a student in Western Theological Seminary, preparing to take orders in the Episcopal church, and to enter the orthodox ministry. He has been enrolled as a student in the seminary for three weeks, and efforts were made to keep the fact secret. The young man who is 34 years old and unmarried, is a graduate from the University of Chicago, and for two years was a student in Harvard University. For the last two or three years he has been practicing law in Michigan. During the life of John Alexander Dowie, the son, with his father, was a great traveler. It was during his journeying in different parts of the world that he gained experience as a speaker, as he was frequently called on to preach to his father's followers in the foreign lands he visited. At the seminary, where as a student he makes his home, Dowie declared recently to a Chicago reporter that so far as he could see his actions were not of public interest. "I am now a private individual," he said, "and what I am doing proceeds from my sincere conviction and is of no particular interest to the outside world. I am here as a special student, and not even a member of the Episcopal church, although I have attended it for a number of years. I will have to be confirmed and go through the regular rountine before I can be admitted as a candidate for orders. So, you see, it is too early to talk."

The Christian Herald quotes the Rev. Charles R. Brown as saying in a recent sermon in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York: "If ten years ago you had told a scientist that from a tiny particle of earth power could be obtained sufficient to keep a clock ticking for a hundred thousand years, he would have laughed at you. But since the discovery of radium he does not laugh. Neither does he dogmatize on the limits of science. As the discovery of radium has opened up new worlds to science, so does divine help open up new worlds to human endeavor. If a woman in this congregation should bring her jewels to me and I should drop them into the East River, I would know exactly how much wealth had been lost to the world. But if the same woman were to bring a kernel of wheat to me and allow me to plant it, to harvest the grain and plant

again, and sell the produce, I should never know, were I to destroy that grain of wheat, what strength had been lost to a hungry world. And if she were to give me her boy, and I were to induce and instruct him to be a minister or an educator, I cannot tell now of what incalculable worth he may prove to his generation and to the generations that will come after. Nor need people to-day be ashamed of the little they are able to do. People in this congregation might endow colleges were they millionaires, write great books were they Drummonds, turn many to righteousness were they Moodys, but they are ashamed of their modest resources, forgetting that the Lord can do all things." The Christian Herald remarks as to this. What a splendid view the new dean takes of the opportunities, the obligations and the possibilities of young life in the kingdom of God! God leaves the gap between human ability and duty on purpose that it may be filled by divine help in answer to faith. The man of smaller or larger endowment is always doing more than he can, because God helps him. Christ knew this truth and taught it when he wrought the miracle of the loaves and fishes. There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many.

Development of the University in Minnesota as a great extension centre, with influences reaching out to all parts of the State in the uplift of rural and city conditions is planned for. The plan advanced by President Vincent is that the entire university unite to carry on a university week in different towns. A schedule would be made out, including six towns or cities in one community. One day in each week would be given to lectures and entertainment in each town. Tents would be carried containing materials for demonstration; lectures on agriculture, home economics, domestic science, engineering, literature and science would be given, and glee clubs and dramatic societies would accompany the party to give evening entertainments. In explanation of the scheme, President Vincent says: I want to see the entire university merged into one great extension department to teach the principles of agriculture, engineeering, political science, economics, history and languages. I can see great possibilities for the State of Minnesota in this work, when all the resources of its university are concentrated in teaching the people. It is a pioneer work, which has not even been suggested by any other State in the Union. We would take with us a complete staff of lectures and give demonstrations on the problems of every-day life. We could have an extension circuit of six towns in one community and travel between them in motor cars. Not only would we take with us specialists in agriculture, but in business, law, credits, accounting, engineering, domestic science and home economies, and all the other specialties in which the people are interested. With lectures on these subjects could be given symposia on social centres, educational conferences on rural conditions, and work for the women's clubs. These lectures could be given in the day. In the evening we could give our dramatic clubs, our glee clubs and orchestras to supply the music and give Shakspearean plays.

DOES THIS FIT YOUR HOME IN ANY WAY?

A prominent Congregational minister writes anonymously—though not so to the Editor of The Pacific—in an Eastern family paper as follows on the subject of "Sunday Reading":

A Minister who was supplying a pulpit not his own was entertained in the home of one of the prominent members of the church.The conditions of the home life impressed him deeply; and although he was careful not to disclose anything that could identify the family, he referred to the Sunday spent in their home as among the dreariest and least profitable in his whole experience.

The family, straggling down to breakfast Sunday morning, brought with them the gossip acquired at various places on Saturday night. Two of them had been to the theatre, one had been to a party, most of them had been out late. More than one of the household began the day with a headache.

On the breakfast-table there were three Sunday newspapers. On these the different members of the family pounced, and were soon hidden behind them.

Only the father and the mother went to church; the young people were "too tired," and did not care to dress.

After the morning service the minister found the newspapers well shaken out and scattered. There was hardly a chair that did not contain one or more parts of one or another of them.

After the Sunday dinner the papers were seized again, and creased and recreased in the weary quest for new sensations.

The home had a good library, but no member of the family opened a book that day . The library had the poems of Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow and Tennyson, but no member of the family read one of them, much less any distinctively religous book.

The hymn-book on the piano lay under a trashy song that came with one of the newspapers. The family Bible on the center-table was buried deep beneath the so-called "comic supplements."

The whole atmosphere of the home all day was commonplace, wordly and depressing. There was nothing that lifted the thoughts of the members of the family above the wearisome round of the world and the things of the world.

Business, politics, scandals and bargains were the themes of conversation. The three secular newspapers, each with its sixty-four pages, covered not only the seats, tables and carpets; they covered the spiritual life of the family as well.

Without questioning the morality of such a Sunday, what may we not say of the pity of it? Is the soul of man so mean, so sordid, that not one hour or one day in the week can be saved for an acquaintance with the better things of literature and of life, and for the higher ministrations of the spirit?

A SUNDAY IN THE OREGON PENITENTIARY.

Edward Curran.

On a recent Sunday I went to Salem, Oregon, to the State Prison, and delivered an address on "Human Sympathy and the Power of Doing Right." I never spoke to a more attentive or appreciative audience. I was seated with others on the platform when the prisoners filed in, 450 in number with folded arms; some with heads erect and faces bright; others with the weight of years and prison palor,—young and old, the young predominating. Quietly they filed in and took their seats. Not a word, hardly a whisper! A colored prisoner handed me the hymn numbers selected from the song book. The men are seated, I announce "Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior."

No, it was not irony, I did not select the hymn. The song swelled and filled the auditorium. They joined as if they meant it, "Pass Me Not." It rose from the heart, rich rugged and yearning. They needed the word of the passing stranger. During the prayer by Rev. Phillip Bauer, State Parole Officer, there was a death like silence. I was introduced and read the 91st Pslam and spoke from the same: "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shall thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." They listened; they leaned forward; their mouths dropped open. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." Men in for life; men all guilty in the sight of the law. I turned in the message "make good" with God. There is a divine spark in the soul somewhere: the divine breath can fan it into a flame and a new creation may be wrought, your soul is not mine, mine is not yours. They are all red. They are scarlet, but they may be like wool and white. It was a quick, keen, sensitive audience. I closed, they clapped their hands and applauded. They were filing out and I mingled with the men! A man with down cast eyes and lowered head, was near, I grasped him by the hand, his face brightened, became radiant. What cared I if he was a criminal! In the light in that face I saw an image of God—seared, scared, battered, burnt with fires of sin. They are the down-and-outs. They have had the rough stuff. They are willing to cut it out. There is a pensive pleading in this prison which, by implications louder than words, says, "Give us a show."

This is the Oregon State Prison where Governor West is trying to build up and reform the prisoners rather than to punish and humiliate. He sent a squad to a moving picture show to see a wholesome lot of pictures, they returned to the iron doors again for admission. He sent 30 or 40 out to build roads. A squad are out now. Some broke the paroles of course. That is to be expected. But the West plan of prison reform is a success. The whole make-up of the men is encouraging and the success a token that men in a state prison are subject to truth, right and kindness.

Washougal, Washington.

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

Comment by a Veteran Missionary on Various Matters And Events.

Editor of the Pacific:

In the Literary Digest of Aug. 26, page 322, is an article headed "Protest from The Races" giving extracts from different sources, and beginning with a criticsm of the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." The British Congregationalist is quoted as to the injustice which describes Ceylon as a place "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." A young native of Ceylon is also quoted as declaring that "every body who knew anything about Ceylon knew that to be a gross libel." I never understood that line as referring especially to Ceylon and Ceylon is a different place now to what it was when that hymn was written. Man's vileness is found in every land. Two missionaries were conversing about the relative amount of impurity in United States and in China; and one of them rather lumped the whole with the assertion that "No young man has a pure heart unless his heart has been renewed by the Holy Spirit." The other replied "That's so!"

But the restraints on impurity are vastly stronger and more pervasive in America than in Asia; and especially there is no comparison between the two continents as to the number of young men with regenerated hearts, where Christ is enthroned and the Holy Spirit is a welcome guest and guide.

After nearly forty years of missionary life in China, I must reaffirm the good old hymn. There is an immense amount of vilenesss, and the common people in their blindness do bow down to wood and stone. There are men in China who honestly shape their lives according to the best teachings of the Sages, and women who hold virtue dearer than life. But such are not common, are indeed very rare, and do not determine the tone of social life. When I had learned to understand the speech of the people around me, I found that they all used foul language when displeased, just as irreligious people in America use profane language. But now they are beginning to be ashamed of this in places where missionaries have long resided. One of the first things to be noticed in a sincere convert is the purification of his mouth. Once we were warned to beware of a certain man whom we had employed as a chapel keeper; for he had been overheard using bad language in scolding his own daughter. In a few months we had to expel him from the church.

As to idolatry, the popular theory is that the spirit of a god resides in the image and is of use to the spirit. Through the image it enjoys the fragrance of the incense and is fed by the odor of the steaming rice. They distinguish between image and spirit, as we distinguish between souls and body; but in every day affairs the visible form is the person with which we deal. There are educated and thoughful men in China who will say that the image is only a symbol; but they are a small minority.

But now in the Literary Digest of Sept. 16 appears, "A Mandarin on Chinese Social Degredation", with quotations from a Chinese writer in **La Revue** of Paris. He draws a fearful picture of the ravages of Gambling, Drunkenness and Debauchery. I would not venture to draw the picture so dark as this writer does: but if half of what he says is true the old hymn stands vindicated.

About two months or less ago the Oregonian in commenting on the disturbances in Sze-chuan, seemed to think they were due to an anti-reform spirit. No; it is "China for the Chinese". Last spring at Hankow a Chinese periodical had a caricature which presented China as a Chinese gentleman whose robe was covered with patches, and each patch indicated a foreign debt. They want all the best new things but no foreign debts nor a foreign dynasty.

The Tartar dynasty and universal corruption in office are the two things that have brought on the "Revolution" which aims to establish a Republic. The great and hoary evil is Official Corruption and Misrule: and the government reforms so far have failed to turn out or reform the corrupt incumbents in office. The abolishing of Opium is an easy matter compared with this. It was official corruption that first fastened opium on the nation. When the traffic was first springing up the Emperor tried hard enough to keep it out, but the sensuality and covetousness of the officials utterly defeated him.

Things about us now are in a very disturbed state; the people are in great dread of a carnival of looting by the rough elements of society. The best troops have been called down to Foochow, whether to fight for or against the Revolutionists we do not yet know. So far the Revolution-

ists have a fine record for keeping good order and not plundering the people. The people quite generally wish them success, and wish they could succeed very quickly before orderly people are ruined by looting ruffians.

To night at prayers we read the Ninety First Psalm. How comforting it was: But I thought of the people all around us who had no such comfort. The wealth which had been any one's trust is now his danger; and any political power or influence which he had is of small value in such a crisis as this. Nay there are those who have been held down and wronged under the old order, and now see their chance to get even. Even the good Confucianist knows no such words as these:

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

We hear to night that the Revolutionists, or Republicans, got possession of Foochow on the eighth inst. In the Province next west of us, on the 2nd inst, as soon as the capital city was secured, soldiers were at once sent through out the province to preserve order; and so we hope it will be in this case. A civil war in China without carnage and plunder would be a new thing. Patrick Henry said "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." This is not true in these days; the future can not be judged by the past, except in this respect, the past shows a divine plan, and the future will do the same. Yet in view of the tremendous forces of evil to be combatted one can not but regard the attempt of the Chinese at a republic with deep concern. During the growth of the present generation, men of the right spirit have multiplied; and a Christianized Confucianism is a splendid basis to start from, if only the start is not premature.

J. E. WALKER.

Shaowu, China, Nov. 13, 1911.

IN COMMON THINGS.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about the feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet;
In star and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see!
It is a flower that blossoms by the door;
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought,
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering divine command;
Life's common deeds built all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings or some bush aflame
Men look for God, and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed
While grass and flowers spell out his name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams beyond the stars for longing eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies:
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly light.

By Minot J. Savage.

"Veil after veil will lift,
Veil after veil will remain behind."

A COSTLY RELIGION AND A CHEAP RELIGION.

J. H. Jowett.

"The king said unto Nathan, the prophet, See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth in curtains."—2 Samuel, vii, 2.

This is a most striking contrast to which the great king had just awaked. He himself was dwelling in a house which in splendid proportions and completeness of equipment was the glory of the land. But the house in which the ark of the Lord was resting was a frail, shifting, precarious tent of the fields. The selfward side of life expressed itself in cedars; the Godward side of life enshrined itself in curtains. The selfward side was costly, the Godward side was cheap. That which directly related to the eternal interests was tabernacled in common linen; the worldly interests were clothed in silver and gold. The contrast is just that of expensive living and a cheap religion.

Now this old-world contrast suggests many lines of fruitful meditation which are pertinent to our modern life. This is very evident in the contrast which prevails between the nature of our homes and the character of many of our churches. The one is symbolized by the cedar and the other by the curtain. To the one we give our best, and to the other the second best. In music and in art we demand the excellent for our homes, but we are often contented with the commonplace in the house of God. And, truth to say, many people so consistenly relegate the secondary to their church that they have come to attach almost a sacred value to the common and unimpressive, and to regard it as specially hallowed and sanctified. They have made a grace of the ugly, and a virtue of the imperfect and incomplete.

It is evident that the contrast also prevails between our domestic ardour and our civic apathy and indifference. We insist upon our domestic affairs being well managed and orderly, inviting and nourishing, while civic affairs go unheeded, and are allowed to persist as best they may. Homeward we are intense; cityward we are lax and loose. Homeward we are ardent; cityward we are lukewarm and cool. There is order at home, but riot may run unheeded in the next street.

And certainly the contrast prevails between our home-enthusiasm and the lukewarmness of our ministhies to the foreign field. The religious privileges into which we are born are rich and beautiful. Ours is the secret of eternal life, and light, and hope. Our liberties are airy and roomy, and our feet stand in a large place. Yes, ours is "a house of cedar," a strong house, "a house of defence to dwell in." But beyond the homeland privilege is scanty and liberties are few. Fear and superstition are rampant, and religious life trembles in a very fragile and uncertain tent. In the rude tempests of life the heart is stilled and stricken with fear, and the tent pegs are often tugged from their holdings. It is the old contrast.

But it is not along these lines that I want to place the emphasis of our lesson today. I want to observe the more particular bearing of the text upon the selfward and Godward side of the individual life. There are multitudes of men who put their best into the selfward side of life. Amid the alternatives of major and minor purposes it is the major which is impoverished. The Godward side is the cheap side. On the self side they take infinite pains; on the Godward side anything will do.

Here, then, is a very certain standard of judgment. How much do we invest on the Godward side? Our religion is valuable, and comes to be valued according to what we spend upon it. That is true even on the lowest planes of life. We value a thing in proportion to the money we pay for it; but it is true also on the higher plane. Liberty was infinitely precious to our fathers, because it bore the marks of sacrifice. It was crimsoned with the red stains of their own blood. We are inclined to hold our liberties cheaply because they cost us nothing. It is even so with the highest ministries of religion itself. If we give our religion "the leavings"—the leavings of our time and strength, then our religion will will become a thing "left." If we give it our best, it will rear itself as the most exalted possession in our life. Well, then, how much have we invested on the Godward side? Have we invested only as much as would purchase a curtain, or have we secured the strength of the cedars? How much capital have we sunk in the cause of the Kingdom? I am not using the word "capital" in the poor and paltry sense of money. Money, after all, is the poorest stuff in our locker. There is finer capital than that in our inheritance, and how much of this have we expended on the divnier side of life? Let the question be made more pertinent still.

How much energy of thought do we invest on the Godward side? Try to realize the vast expenditure of thought in other realms. Think how much thought is invested in the getting of money, and in the carnal pursuit of pleasure, and in the quest of knowledge and wisdom. And think, too, of the amazing ingenuity employed in the quest. Men are busy inventing all sorts of contrivances to make these things their own possession. And then turn from all these to the Godward aspect of human life! Is it not like passing from a strong cedar to a frail curtain, from a tenacious fibre to a brittle thread? How little thought men give to their religion! I am not speaking of the mere study of theology, but of the quest of godly life. Many a man delights in theological subtleties who is engaged in no commanding crusade for the nobilities of a sanctified life. It is of the higher quest that I now speak, and I declare that there are multitudes of men who invest vast stores of thought-capital in the realms I have named, but little or next to nothing in the quest of goodness and holy fellowship and nearness of intimacy with their God. What we need in our day is a revision of our investments and a more lavish expenditure of thought on the Godward side of life.

And let me ask again, how much will-power do we expend on the God-side Does the contrast find expression in the old symbolism of cedar and curtain? Take one side of a man's life; his will pounds away like a powerful motor. Take another side, his will is as weak and forceless as an anaemic pulse. On one side his energy is like a mill-stream; on the other the energy trickles like a rivulet in time of drought. This is a most extraordinary phenomenon in human life. There is one room in our life where there is engine power enough for anything; in another room there is not enough power to give birth to even a sluggish motion. Particularly is this manifest in the selfward and the Godward side of life. We grasp business, but we only tickle religion. And so the Godward side of really strong men hangs loose and limp as a curtain, while their business relationships are strong as cedars. The explanation of many a religious failure is "want of capital." Men need to invest more "will" in the realm of their religion. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy strength." "Bring unto the Lord glory and strength." It is needful to put as much will-power in the quest of godliness as in the pursuit of wealth.

And lastly, how much of sacrifice have we on the Godward side? What is the extent of our contribution to the general cause of the Kingdom? Is it niggardly or bountiful? Does it find a fitting symbol in the costly cedar or in the tawdry curtain? What is our offering in the matter of time. There are many people who will give money to the Kingdom, but who refuse the costlier gift of time. They want all their time for their business and their pleasures. These realms shall have the cedar, the other realm may have the curtain. And what do we give in the matter of sympathy? I am not referring to thin, diluted, bloodless sentimentality, but sympathy with passion at its heart, sympathy pulsing with pang and pain. Do we make any contribution of this kind, or is our sympathy the nerveless process in which there is no blood transaction and in which the heart remains unbroken? Is our sympathy cheap, or is it red with costly sacrifice?

All these are searching questions which each man may apply to his own heart. We know where the capital power of our life is primarily invested, and we know what is the extent of our speculation in the Kingdom of our God. Let every man take the enquiry into his own spirit, and answer it in the secret place of the Most High.

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

An Estimate of it by the Rev. Dr. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

The daily newspaper is one of the most valuable and most dangerous of our modern institutions. Whether it helps or hurts depends upon the way in which it is used. Like all other good things, it is easily capable of abuse, and when abused, the results are disastrous. A daily newspaper must of necessity be a hodge-podge of miscellaneous and unconnected happenings and observations. It is printed for the multitude, and to meet the multitude's myriad wants, it must fill its columns with a mass of material which no one mortal has use for. As its constituents are of many grades of culture—barbarians and even savages being included in the company—there is much in it which informed and experienced readers have outgrown. To use it wisely one needs a discriminating mind. The faculty of skipping must be cultivated and put to vigorous use. Only those items which are of value can profitably be allowed to claim attention. The grains of wheat are few and the chaff is abundant. To get the wheat by the least expenditure of time and effort is an art to be prized and cultivated. Too many readers devote an excessive amount of time to newspapers. They permit papers to crowd out all the higher and more rewarding forms of reading. The great poems and essays and biographies and histories are pushed aside to make way for a flood of impertinences and trivialities which leaves no fertilizing sediment behind. There are not many hours in a day, and with most men only a few moments of each day can be given to reading. It is important that these few moments shall not be squandered. The temptation to newspaper dissipation is continuous and urgent. The papers appear morning, noon and night, and one cannot turn anywhere in the city that some industrious newsboy does not hold

alluring headlines under one's eyes. The temptation is insidious and hard to be resisted. Before one is aware how much time is devoted to the newspapers, he has weakened his relish for other forms of reading, and fixed a habit which it is difficult to break. Excessive newspaper reading has an injurious effect upon the mind. It is a teacher of disjointed thinking. It breaks down the power of sustained attention. It fritters away mental energy which might be used in serious concerns. It loads the mind with a bundle of gossip and a mass of scandal out of which no mental or moral nutriment can be extracted. The confirmed newspaper reader runs the risk of incapacitating himself permanently for all delight in serious reading. The heart suffers even more than the mind. The exciting tale of fashion, politics, sport, and crime stimulates and also exhausts. One becomes wearied by the hubub and commotion of this huge Vanity Fair. The heart is fatigued by the woe and tragedy of a world that travails in pain. The unescapable burdens of life are for every one heavy, but their weight is increased by the daily story of the burdens of others. If one begins every day by thinking of the exceptional and abnormal developments and happenings in society, and ends every day in the same way, he need not be surprised if the nerves become jaded, and if at times the world grows chill and drab. Fatigue of body is often due to the confusion and strife in the mind. When our load seems too heavy and life has lost its sparkle, it is often because we have allowed the mental currents to becomes muddied or teased into frenzy by preventable invasions of the world. The Christian who wishes to keep his mind sane and his heart sweet, and to conserve his energies for the doing of a great work, will be careful of the place he gives to the daily paper, and strive incessantly to turn his thoughts toward those high themes and problems with which the newspaper reporter does not ordinarily deal. Cut down, then, on your newspaper reading. If you have been in the habit of reading four papers every day, cut off one. If three, cut them down to two. If two, try one. If you have been spending thirty minutes every day on newspapers ,reduce it to twenty; if twenty, bring it down to fifteen; if fifteen, experiment with ten. Possibly five will prove sufficient. Drop the newspapers altogether one day out of every seven. If you cannot do this you are a newspaper slave. You are living on stimulants, and like the toper who cannot forego his whiskey even for a single day, so you are wretched unless semi-intoxicated by the exhilarating potion furnished by the daily press. If at any time you feel out of sorts with yourself in particular, and the world in general, drop the daily paper for an entire week. This may prove as refreshing as a week spent in the country.

If you find yourself growing skeptical and cynical, and cannot convince yourself that everything is not going to the devil, keep away from the daily papers for an entire month. By so doing you are certain to lose little and may gain much. The newspaper is a harmless invention if you use it as your servant, but it is the most relentless and destructive of enemies, if you allow it to become your master.

Talk not of age; the waning years
Leave one more wise as they depart,
And with them mingle smiles and tears,
If one but young remains at heart.
The seasons come, the seasons go,
But with revolving days return,
Till Winter's evanescent snow
Melts in the laughing, leaping burn.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Pasadena, First.—Rev. R. J. Campbell, the eminent London preacher, is to deliver a lecture on "Social Christianity," under the auspices of the Woman's Church Aid Society, on January 5th. On last Wednesday evening Mr. Frederick Lyman, one of the corporate members of the American Board, spoke at the prayer-meeting, giving some greatly appreciated information about the inner workings of the Board. Mr Lyman was present at the annual meeting the Board in Milwaukee in October.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Gipsy Smith evangelistic meetings begin in San Francisco next Saturday evening, at the pavilion, corner of Sutter and Pierce streets.

Mrs. Matilda P. Morris, the wife of the Rev. George Morris, a pioneer Congregational minister, passed into the life beyond from her home in Alameda last week at the age of 67.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, will speak in Berkeley two evenings next week, on the Earle Lectureship Foundation, Pacific Theological Seminary. Dates are not definitely known; but it is thought now that the lectures will be on Tuesday and Wedensday evenings. If Mr. Campbell arrives in time he will be asked to preach in the First Congregational Church of Oakland next Sunday evening.

The Rev. George Robertson, who was for sixteen years pastor of the Congregational Church at Mentone, near Redlands, and who is now at the head of the department of biology and geology in the University of Redlands, says that he finds the desk in the university a place to lead all to God. "The class room is a good place to find God in all things around us as well as God in us. The boundary line of faith is often nearer than we think."

On a recent Sunday morning the Rev. F. M. Washburn gave in the Congregational church at Lodi a sermon on "Looking Backward." In it he reviewed the work of the church and its progress in the community during the last seven years. Commenting on this and on Mr. Washburn's departure soon from Lodi, The Sentinel says that under his administration the Congregational church at Lodi has come to high standing and large influence in that community. A few weeks ago it was stated in a church news item in The Pacific that during Mr. Washburn's pastorate a fine new house of worship had been built at an expenditure of $15,000 and that 212 persons had been received to membership, 103 on confession.

The Rev. Dr. James A. Chamberlain of Berkeley, though laid aside from work for some time, has a hearty interest in all that concerns the life of the Kingdom. This year he sent out a Christmas card to former parishioners and friends. One came to the editor of The Pacific from which quotation is made: "To express human experience

in intellectual phrases, that is thought. To translate thought into knowledge, is character. To transmute character with love is culture. Touched with Christ such culture is salvation. One's realization of the Divine life depends upon thinking severely and loving supremely. Influenced by the experiences of the past in which I find many expressions of loving thought and helpfulness, I have come to appreciate more fully the broader truths of our Christian faith and I daily exercise myself in the practice of the presence of our God. Mingled with the spirit of Christmas I send you this sentiment as a slight remembrance and an inspiration for 1912."

The Rev. A. W. Hare, who resigned the pastorate a Eagle Rock in October, after four years of efficient service there, is resting, studying, and preaching as opportunity offers. We quote a few lines from a recent personal letter to the editor of The Pacific; which shows improving conditions in the Congregational work in East Los Angeles: "Went over to East Los Angeles Church a week ago yesterday to hear Rev. T. J. Brown, who is doing well there. Was disappointed in that he did not preach. The church had to raise two hundred dollars to pay a street-paving bill and some other unlooked-for things, and Mr. Brown asked me to get the money. Had a de'ightful response and the money immediately. The atmosphere there is the most cordial and friendly I have experienced in a long time, and things are looking up, where for so long they have been discouraging. Shall go to hear Brown again, and this time will hear him."

The Honolulu Friend says of Miss Eliza Talcott, the American Board missionary to Japan, who passed into the other life in November: "Miss Talcott joined the Japan Mission of the American Board March 30, 1873, in company with Miss Julia E. Dudley—the first two single ladies to enter the work there. Both were women of great force of character and splendid talents. Miss Talcott was one of those quiet, determined spirits, unselfish to a fault, unsparing of her powers, absolutely devoted to her work, wise, fearless, kind, self-controlled and clear visioned, who make little noise in the material world, but are mighty upbuilders in the kingdom of God. A number in Honolulu remember her during the nearly three years when the Japan Mission loaned her to the Hawaiian Board for special woman's work in this city. She was the same pervasive, unforseen, force here that she had been in Japan. Eight years ago she returned to her former station in Kobe. She was a rare missionary, excelling most in direct personal work like her Master. Her extended service, mastery of spoken Japanese, wide acquaintance with churches and individuals throughout the American Board field of labor in that country and great personal influence made her one of the most marked women in the Empire. She was spared a long illness. Some eleven days before she passed on, she took to her bed with no disease whatever. Her body simply refused any longer to house her spirit and she died as nature ordains a well kept body free from ailment of any kind should dissolve when it has fulfil'ed its function. She was able to maintain her activity to the last, having attended the annual meeting of the Kumiai churches just before the summons came. She had completed her seventy-third year. At the memorial service in the chapel of Kobe College, practically all the missionaries in Okayama, Kobe, Osaka and Kyoto were present together with large numbers of Japanese, while scores of telegrams came from more distant parts of the Empire. The memory of Miss Talcott's life is an inspiration to all who knew her. When tempted to pessimism one needs only call to mind how many thousands of like spirited quiet souls are at work saving and upbuilding human society, in order to find all doubt concerning the triumph of the Kingdom vanish like morning mist."

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB MEETING.

There was a large and representative attendance at the meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity in the First Church of Oakland last Thursday evening. Deacon I. H. Morse of the First Church, San Francisco, presided, and the address was by the Rev. Dr. Aked on "The Pilgrim Faith and the Pilgrim Men." The latter part of the address set forth eloquently the manifest destiny of this nation—to build up life on true and finer foundations. One remark by Dr. Aked we would like to have sink deep into the consciousness of the people: "Contempt of color is b'asphemy against God." The mammon spirit was condemned vehemently; and the Pilgrim faith and spirit were prescribed as the cure for souls leprous in wealth.

The meeting that evening was intended in part as a welcome to the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, who had entered a few weeks before on the First Church pastorate. Mr. Jump could not be present, a telegram received that afternoon announcing the death of his father in Albany, N. Y., making necessary a hurried departure East.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer, who had been asked to give an address of welcome, spoke most appreciatively of Mr. Jump and congratulated the church and the fe'lowship in that one so well fitted for the work in Oakland and on the coast had come among us.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On December 13th the Ashland Congregational Church held its annual meeting and banquet. One hundred and fifty sat down to the tables. The annual reports were very encouraging, indicating substantial progress along all lines. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Schwimley, had a genuine surprise in the nature of an addition to his salary of $300.00 per year. As a rule such surprises do not prove fatal Ashland went "dry" last Tuesday for the fourth year consecutively by an increased majority. The vote on the liquor question for the past four years has been as follows—the majority in favor of a "dry" town: 1908, 81; 1909, 171; 1910,239; 1911,284. The total vote cast was 959, and the result indicated that 938 persons voted on the liquor question, 327 for saloons and 611 against the traffic.

Mr. Fred M. Stocking, an Oregon Pioneer, and a resident and business man of The Dalles for many years, died in San Francisco on December 8th at the age of 82 years. While living in The Dalles he was an active member of the Congregational Church, and assisted in organizing its first choir.

The Christmas spirit has been universally pervasive in this city for the past two weeks, and with slight exceptions the weather has been very favorable for trade. It is estimated by good authority that strict holiday trade has aggregated at least $6,000,000. The "giving of gifts" has

been shared in by all classes. Special efforts have been made by numerous churches and organizations of different kinds to find the destitute and give them a goodly taste of Christmas cheer.

In all the churches of the city the services today were in harmony with the life of our Savior; and the music was both elaborate and impressive.

Portland, December 24, 1911.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

In 1880, on a "green hill not far away" from the heart of this city, a mission church was organized by Rev. George H. Atkinson, then Home Missionary Superintendent of Congregational Churches for Oregon and Washington. In the outset it had twelve members. It was called "Mount Zion Church," suggested because of the beauty of its situation. The height of the site of the church above the sea level was approximately one thousand feet. Prior to the date above mentioned a Sunday-School had been organized, and meetings held in the neighborhood from house to house.

The leading figure in the original church organization was Deacon Homon Munson Humphrey, who was of old New England stock, the first of his ancestors to set foot upon American soil being Michael Humphrey, who came from England and settled in Lynn, Connecticut, in 1643. The descendants of that man participated in all the wars of this country, beginning with the first, and now number several thousand.

The father of Deacon Humphrey was a deacon in a Congregational Church, and soon after the war of 1812 he went to western New York settling in Wyoming county, where the subject of this sketch was born on September 24, 1819. At the age of twenty he was married to Miss Lydia Case Snow, of Hamilton, county, Ohio, and removed to the wilds of Iowa, where he remained until the spring of 1852. Then he disposed of his possessions, and with his family consisting of his wife and three children, and twenty-seven head of cattle, including four yoke of oxen, he crossed the plains to Oregon. The year 1852 was notable in pioneer annals for the fearful lossess of life by cholera, it being estimated that not less than eleven thousand persons died on the plains that year from attacks of that dreadful scourge; but Mr. Humphrey and his Company escaped its ravages and also attacks by Indians, although threatened a number of times.

Mr. Humphrey was captain of his little company, all told numbering twenty-five wagons. He never travelled on Sundays, yet he made one of the quickest trips of record during pioneer days. His party arrived at "Foster's"—the first house west of the Cascade mountains on the "Oregon trail," distant from Portland about thirty-five miles —on August 27, 1852. Then his wife had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and her life hung in the balance for a time. As soon as she was out of danger he went to Portland and in a few days decided to locate near that place, as he found that it was the highest point on the Willamette river to be reached by sea-going vessels. The nearest point to the village of Portland unclaimed at that time, was about two miles due west. About 1846, two years after the first cabin had been built in Portland, a committee was appointed to view a road from Portland to Tualatin Plains, twelve miles west—where there was several thousand acres of prairie country ready for the plough—but reported that the hills were so difficult and the timber so dense that no road would be made through for thirty years. Neverthless, in 1851 a road was viewed and the brush cut part way, and by the fall of 1852 the trees had been cut out so that a wagon could pass along; although part of the way it was along the bed of a small stream and crossing it twenty-five times in the distance of two miles. In this way he reached the place of his selection as a donation land claim, and built a cabin in which to live. Here his western pioneer life began, and his daily labor consisted of making shingles, puncheon flooring, splitting rails, clearing land, gardening, raising cattle and poultry; and all spare hours were devoted to reading old books—the Bible being the one most sought—and in devotion.

While thus engaged in making a home for his family and himself, he was not unmindful of the importance of schools and churches, and aided such efforts to the full extent of his ability—in fact all enterprises in the interest of the public good found in him an ardent advocate. On October 15, 1853, both he and his wife united with the First Congregational Church of Portland by letter from the Congregational Church, Fairfield, Iowa.

Perhaps, before proceeding, it would be well to explain the meaning of "a donation land claim." In short, it was this: About 1842, while the title to the Oregon Country" was in dispute, Senator Lewis F. Linn, of Missouri, introduced a bill in Congress promising 320 acres of land to a single man, or 640 acres to a man and wife, conditioned upon their going to Oregon, selecting a tract of land and making a home upon it for four successive years. Patent was then granted upon proper proof of actual residence. To 640 acres so acquired, Mr. Humphrey added enough more to make his holdings fifteen hundred acres. The additional eight hundred and sixty acres secured by 1860 cost him about $4,000, or less than $5.00 per acre, much of which at the present date is easily worth $1,000,.00 per acre. At the begining of the civil war great depression followed in this section of country, and this resulted in the loss of all of his holdings save about one hundred acres, which he retained until the end of his life in 1887.

In 1865, while Rev. George H. Atkinson, then pastor of the First Church, at the request of Deacon Humphrey, began holding services at the Humphrey home. A little later, services were held in a school house near by and a Sunday-school was organized. As the neighborhood slowly increased in population, it was at length thought wise to organize a church. This was accomplished in 1880 with a membership of fourteen with Mr. Humphrey as a deacon, and in 1882 a house of worship was erected costing about $1,200.00. As long as he lived the little organization not only held its own, but had satisfactory growth. About ten years later, by the removal of a number of the most efficient members, the work became difficult, and at length was wholly abandoned, and so it has remained for several years.

Recently, Rev. D. B. Gray, D. D., the efficient and untiring Superintendent of the Congregational City Missionary Society of Portland, decided to look over this wholly neglected field and find out the facts with respect to a reorganization of the church. While there were only two or three of the old members any where in the vicinity, yet he was cordially received by them. The encouragement was so general that the raising of the necessary funds to place

the house of worship in good condition, was undertaken, and on last Sunday afternoon it was practically re-dedicated, with all bills paid. Dr. Gray had charge of the service, and was assisted by Rev. Herbert S. Crocker, of the Atkinson Memorial Church, and Rev. T. S. Winey, of the Waverleigh Heights Church. The principal address was given by a layman, Mr. William H. Lewis, who among other experiences, gave an account of the founding of another church apparently under most unfavorable conditions —a suburban church, also—which with a very feeble beginning less than twenty years ago, was today raising more than $10,000 each year for home expenses and an equal sum for missionary purposes.

The location of the Mt. Zion Church is exceedingly attractive in many ways, and it is destined to be surrounded in the near future by many of the finest homes of this city. Hence the outlook at this time for the future of this enterprise seems unusually bright.

At an early hour last Sunday morning the First Church sustained a great loss by the sudden death of Mr. Robert Collier.

He was born in Dumferline, Scotland, August 5, 1845. He secured his education in the schools of his native town, and then served an apprenticeship of seven years in learning the trade of a pattern maker. He came direct from Scotland to Portland in 1869, and found employment soon afterwards at his trade with Smith Brothers Works, and with the exception of about four years was connected with that establishment until it was merged into the Smith and Watson Iron Works, and soon after that date was given the position of superintendent. At the time of his death he was the secretary and superintendent. He was married to Miss Hannah L. Honeyman on June 18, 1874. Five children were born of this union, but three—two boys and one girl—passed away in infancy. The mother and two daughters—Misses Alice Honeyman and Grace Elizabeth Collier survive the husband and father. Mr. Collier and wife united with the First Congregational Church in July, 1877, since which date both have been most faithful members.

Portland, Dec. 17, 1911.

ILLUSION

God and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
"Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"The earth beneath and the sky o'erhead.
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," the great God said,
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people, living or dead,
No earth beneath and no sky o'erhead,
There was only Myself in you!"

"Why do I feel no fear?" I asked.
Meeting you here in this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well,
And is there heaven? and is there hell?
And is this the judgment day?"

"Nay, those were but dreams," the great God said,
Dreams that have ceased to be:
There is no such thing as fear and sin,
There is no you—you never have been,
There is nothing at all but Me."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SAN FRANCISCO JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

F. D. Bovard, Editor of the California Christian Advocate.

A few months ago San Francisco faced a political struggle upon the issue of which depended her fate for fifty years. Under the providence of God the city won and has been released from the grasp of one of the most vicious municipal governments that ever fastened itself on the life of a city. That release has been the occasion of rejoicing almost around the world.

Now San Francisco is facing a tremendous moral and spiritual battle. The forces have been getting together in circles of prayer. Ministers, laymen, business men, have been deeply considering the question of increasing the moral and spiritual life of this great Pacific coast center of population and industry. This magnificent dream is now to be put to the test of concrete conditions

Two or three things must be taken into the account. First, the Christian churches are united. There is a fine magnetic fellowship, a hearty disposition to co-operate. The ministry and laity will act together with the minimum of friction. Second, the disposition of the city is kindly. The business men, the solid thoughtful business men earnestly desire the moral improvement of the churches, of the moral reputation of the city. They have seen clearly how, with all the Titanic commercial energy of San Francisco in rebuilding its temporal needs, it has gradually but surely lost out with the world because of moral obliquities. The business men would sincerely like to see the moral tone of the city improved . This is not alone confined to the commercial life of the city, but the home life of the city has come also into a saner view of moral and spiritual values. There is a wide feeling of good will toward the proposed meetings. Third, of all the great leaders and interpreters of the community feeling Gypsy Smith is the prince. This leader of men has no eccentricities, no extravangances. He is the interpreter of the gospel to the hearts, the hungry hearts of men. No reaction will follow his preaching. Men will go away to think and ponder the highest truths, the highest values. These then are the resources, a united and good feeling of co-operation among all the churches, a responsive public sentiment in a remarkable degree for San Francisco and a leader, one of the most renowned of the English speaking world.

What we need is not quite so easily pointed out. We need not only co-operation, but we need religious coherency. The religious forces, though small compared with the population of the city, yet if any reasonable proportion of the Christian people shall respond there are enough to make a tremendous impression on the life of the city. To our need of religious coherency we probably need religious tenacity. In almost all the great tests of men about to go into action, a considerable number have been lacking in final courage. They go through the preparatory drill in fine shape, but the final test shows that their purpose lacked tenacity. They go to pieces. There is a quiet but very pronounced emphasis on the fact throughout the Bible that God can use only those who have moral and spiritual tenacity. To our tenacity perhaps we should

add moral audacity. We do not use that word in an offensive sense. We mean assertive faith. Peter once being filled with the Spirit said, "Ye rulers of the people and elders of Israel, be it known unto you and all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand before you whole." That is what we call audacity. Paul had the audacity of which we speak when he stood up among the men of Athens and preached the Resurrection. The Christian people must boldly, strongly, and with courage maintain the truth of the gospel. We must own Christ, present Christ, preach Christ. If Christ cannot save there is no hope.

Our simple plain duty is to preach Christ as the Saviour of the world and specially as the Saviour of the people of San Francisco. We do not have to explain all the complex problems relating to Science and philosophy. Christ in the heart, Christ's Spirit radiant from a personal experience is the highest qualification. Of course tact, common sense, dignity, self-respect, sincerity, are words to ponder at such a time. Personality is a subtle thing. It has a sense of its own. It responds to absolute sincerity. It responds to genuineness but it shies at all cunning, all trickery. The salvation of one's soul is the most serious of all things. God only can impart to us the mood, the temper, the emphasis, the winsomeness, personal influence necessary to do this work.

It is not necessary that one should feel that he is qualified. In fact that sort of an assurance comes only from actual experience. It is better in the beginning to feel that you are not qualified. The feeling that one is truly qualified for such a work sometimes takes away our self-inspection, our poise, disqualifies us. The feeling of willingness, of dependence on God is a surer qualification for successful spiritual work. We must not depend on ourselves but on Christ's working in and through us as his agents.

The Home.

"She was only a woman, famished for loving,
Mad for devotion and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle strings.

"Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
For a look, for a touch—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician,
Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle strings."

TURNED DOWN, BUT KEEPING AT IT

"These are hard times," he said, as he looked me in the eye. He said it again, putting the emphasis in a new way, and putting such emphasis in the manner of his voice that it was more than evident he knew whereof he spoke. His appearance, though, was not an evidence that he was one who had been turned down. He was bright, attractive, unobjectionable. There was something in him that was interesting—stays with you when you leave. "If I could only get a fair trial," he said. "If someone would only take me and let me show what is in me, I would be satisfied." He looked what he said. I believed every word. "I don't hesitate to say there is not a man in any position of importance in this town whom I could not help. Positively help," he said, after a silence. "I hesitate to say it, but since you can look me in the eye I will say that they need me." Then, with that look which sweeps down into the voice, he said: "But they don't seem to think so." He kept quiet for a while, then turned his bright face toward mine. Yes, bright and cheerful. I never knew one whose very word so rung true to what was high and good. He seemed the very image of unse.fishness. His face showed it. His countenance actually glowed with truth and honesty. There was nothing about him that did not seem to count toward good. Even his despondency had in it a healthy streak which kept him hopeful. I have met many who have had hard knocks and been turned down. Someone was always stepping in before them. They had energy and a grip on their wills which made them strong. They knew how to look up and be strong and live, and they tried to smile. But in the end—but why tell the story! They seemed never to be able to find their opportunity. God made them for some place, but they and the place never met. Pity it is that God cannot get a chance to put men where he wants them!

This one showed no marks of giving up. "I can't do that," he said; "my life depends upon keeping at it.",His face was rugged. The many turn-downs had not embittered him and poisoned his skin. He lived in the open. "Have to," he said, with a smile over his coppered countenance. "What's the use of not trying, and where is the profit of accepting others' judgment of yourself? he asked, turning comforter. "You can get up with the same force you were knocked down. I don't propose to let anyone keep me down. I will get up, and keep up, and be at them." I admired his grit and wondered if it were only talk, and determined, if possible, to find why he was rejected wherever he turned. "There's a cause fo reverything," I said. "What's the matter with you?" He smiled. I never saw a more expressive look. His face did glow. It shone with light as he smiled. "Well, friend," he said. slowly and softly, "because one is down is no reason for the conclusion that he is at fault. Some people make mistakes and are foolish, though wise in their own eyes, who turn others down. I do not know that there is anything the matter with me because I am not wanted."

His age? Well, I won't venture that. Unless care and hardship have done their work on a face it is difficult to guess the age. He was young-looking, but spoke as a man of experience, advanced in years. He certainly did have a story of hard luck, and knew whereof he spoke. "It's a pity things are as they are," he said, keeping his eye digging down into mine. Was he offering his services to me? He made me wish many wishes over again, wishes about having factories and means of putting people to work and helping them. He seemed to be saying, "Won't you give me a trial?" But I shifted from the suggestion.

"Where have you tried?' I asked, for want of a better question. That same persuasive, healthy smile came out, as he replied: "Almost to every one." It was my turn to look into his face and dig down and ferret out something. He stood the digging. Never winced. That beam of satisfaction with himself kept up. He evidently was well persuaded he was the remedy for all the so con-

fusing trouble in this life. Ordinarily, it is wise to give such an one all the sidewalk. He read me and his smile was at my expense. 'You, too, are making the mistake," he seemed to think. "Of course, there are some to whom I would not apply—saloonkeepers, gamblers and such, who make their living on the miseries of others. I'd ruin their business, I confess. But I've tried almost all where I thought I could be of use." "That simplifies your efforts," I remarked. The smile grew to a chuckle. "It's more than you think," he said. 'I've been almost every place. I tried the Stock Exchange. Went to every broker. Some referred me to the Charity Organization Society; others to his majesty, the other fellow; others laughed. 'Nothin' doin' ,'was the verdict. I got up close to one of the big fellows—right in his office. How I got through the guards is amusing. You should have seen his look when I offered him my services. You would have thought I was a dynamite bomb. Stock Exchange and high finance waved me off very emphatically. Then I tried department stores. Same story. Then lawyers. There they gave me the laugh. To them I was a bigger joke than to all the others. Then I went to the railways and street-car lines. I tried the large contracting companies and every factory in town. I thought things would be easier if I got into the trades-unions, but they refused to admit me. Some looked me in the face and smiled; others gave a glance and cursed. All turned me down."

"Turned down and keeping bright all the time!" I said. "Well, you are remarkable."

'I've been up against the world these many days," he replied, "and still have faith that I am useful and that men need me." He was winning my heart. I was believing in him. Then the children began filling the streets. By the hundred they came from the schools. "Even they turn me down," he said, as we stood watching them. His face grew pathetic. There was so much of the longing help them. One day I went to a teacher and told her how useful I would be is she would but give me a chance. She listened awhile, then said, 'I can't.' I asked a man and his wife to take me. She looked at him—her appealing look. He stared at her; a frightened look held his features. They agreed they could not. 'Too much sacrifice,' the man said.

"But it would be a good thing to make," replied the wife. I was hopeful. He said, 'You try him.' She is a sweet-natured, patient soul that knows how to love. I found comfort there. I made good. But—"

"Who are you, friend?' I asked.

His coppered skin glowed with a new hue as he looked in me deeper and deeper. I knew him. It was the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Yes, he has a hard time of it, but he is still hopeful.—John T. Wilds, D. D., in "Parish Visitor."

JESUS AS A CHILD.

Jesus was an unselfish child. What a playmate he must have been to the other Nazareth children! In him there was neither guile nor selfishness. Small wonder that he grew in favor with those who dreamed not of his divinity. It is always so, that the only secret of abiding popularity is unselfishness.

Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens.
—Longfellow.

MY LITTLE SON

My little son, my little son, he calls to me forever
Across the gulfs and through the mists which shroud him from my sight:
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the turmoil,
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the night.

My little son, my little son, I see in clearest vision
The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown of golden hair.
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hillside glows with sunset,
And the little boy, my darling that I loved so, is not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths at night time,
Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds are fast asleep:
Does he wander up and down them with the winds in endless play-time?
Does he read in sudden manhood all the wonders of the deep?

My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind and rain;
He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the darkness,
Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to God again.

—George Frederick Scott.

YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN.

Don't deprive your children of their rights. When your boy honors you by taking you into his confidence and telling you some of the important affairs of the world in which he lives—the schoolroom—listen with real interest, for he has a right to be heard.

If you repulse him you are filling his mind with a sense of injustice. One big boy of my acquaintance, and perhaps there are many more, has fallen into the habit of keeping things from mother and of going outside, to less worthy counsellors, simply because mother turned a deaf ear to his childish confidences. This mother laments this stage of affairs now, but it is too late to change.

Don't rob your child of his self-respect by scoffing at his ambitions. Oh, the heart burnings, the important anger engendered, when ridicule from the home, instead of praise, greets well-meant endeavors. Let the boy indulge in visions of future greatness if he will; all of the inventions and achievements of history have been but dreams at first. Then, too, genius is no respecter of persons, and even if in your modesty you are convinced that a son of yours can never be anything but a chip off the old block, let me beg of you not to tell him so. There have been instances when the chip has been acknowledged to be vastly greater than the block—if he is given a fair chance.

Don't forget, when you are answering the small boy's questions, to put yourself on his intellectual plane. It will pay.

A tiny boy was enjoying a trip on the train with his

father. There was so much to see and the little fellow wanted everything explained. This modern father laid aside the omnipresent newspaper and "visited" with the boy.

'What are those things, daddy?" pointing at some signal lights as the train halted.

"Signals," was the response, to show by their colors how things are going.' But the explanation was not clear enough. Seeing this his father added: "Don't you remember Teddy Bear, in the story, how he ran past the signals, when he ought to have stopped and what happened to him?" The child's face glowed; he understood clearly now, after this appeal to his literary world.

Don't break your promises; consider them doubly sacred when made to children. They are more charitable in this direction than adults, therefore don't trespass upon their patience.

Don't sacrifice the innocent pleasures of your children to your own personal likes and dislikes.

A story is told of a teacher who believed in the develpment of his pupils along the line of their natural trend and inclination. One day he brought to them some white rabbits for a study. He noticed that Johnnie seemed greatly interested. Every spare moment was spent by him over these animals.

'John, said the teacher, "you may have a rabbit to take home; take your choice. Have you a place to keep it?" Of course, Johnnie was overjoyed at the prospect, and together they soon constructed a hutch for bunnie, and the treasure was carried home.

The next day John's mother called on the teacher. "You have given my son a rabbit," said she; "he must bring it back at once, for he will not be allowed to keep it."

"May I ask why, madam," inquired the teacher. 'Because I do not like rabbits," was the reply. The gratification of the child was thus coolly sacrificed.

Don't be thus selfishly regardless of the individuality of your children. There is even in very small children a noticable feeling of resentment when the individuality is not given proper homage, and much of the insuburdination met with in dealing with children proceeds from a lack of the recognition of the right o fa child to be dealt with as a reasonable creature.—Mary Gulick in New York Observer.

WHAT IS A LADY?

A little while ago an English paper offered a prize for the best definition of a lady. This is the answer that took the prize: "To be a lady means, rightly, to be a gentlewoman who shows by her every word and action a sweet and gentle dignity, with a gracious charm of manner; a woman whose heart is pure and true, who is tender toward all suffering, who sympathizes with those in trouble, and is every ready to give that which costs her some effort and self-denial. A lady thinks no work derogatory, and no one is deemed too low to receive courtesy and kindness. She is pure and good in every detail of life, a true friend, and a 'ministering angel' in sorrow and in sickness."

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.
—Barry Cornwall.

Our Young People

CLARENCE AND THE PEACE TALK

There had been a meeting in the City Hall in behalf of the Peace Movement, and Clarence's parents were talking it over—about The Hague Conferences and the Arbitration treaty—while the little boy kept interrupting them every other moment.

"It doesn't concern you. That's what you think, my boy, isn't it?" said his father. "Suppose we talk about the Children's Crusade instead!"

At this, Clarence pricked up his ears and kept his mouth shut. He had heard about the Children's Crusade of hundreds of years ago; how the children wandered half through Europe, with the idea of helping drive the Turks out of the Holy Land and the place where Christ was born.

"Yes, that was meant for a fighting crusade," his father went on. "This is a new crusade, for peace. A cross was on the old banner, and a cross will be on this—a truer cross than the old one, for Christ's birth-song was 'Peace on earth!'

"Tell me about the Cherry Crusade that Montie was talking about," Clarence said to his mother.

"Yes, son, there were three hundred children in that one. Their home city, Hamburg, was surrounded by the enemy, and it seemed as though they could not turn them off. They allowed no food to come into the city, and the people were half starving. A man then thought of a plan to conquer the enemy's hearts. It was cherry season. They had more than they could eat of cherries, while they got nothing else. The soldiers outside were as thirsty as they were hungry.

"So, the three hundred children were dressed in white. and, half-hidden by the cherry boughs in their hands, they marched through the opened gate. The general of the army thought at first it was a trick to deceive him; but, as his soldiers put the bright cherries in their parched mouths, he acknowledged himself beaten by kindness and pity.

"It's a funny thing, Clarence, this new crusade has been started by a cherry blossom army. You know that in Japan that is the national flower. It was the children in Tokyo, Japan, who sent a letter, asking the children of our country to join in a peaceful war for peace."

Then Clarence's father told him how all the students of the public schools of Everton, Missouri, joined, and this is part of the letter they sent to the Tokyo children:—

"Little brothers and sisters of Japan: We hail you as a band of mission workers, and thank you for your letter. May we all love one another, and may we never lift a sword against each other. We hail the day of peace in dawning."

Lately, Togo, the great Japanese admiral, spoke to the children about "Blessed Peace." No one knows better than he the horrors of war.

"My name is Togo," he said, "which means 'from the East,' and Hashi-mura, which means 'a man of peace.' " He wants all the children to be children of peace, so that, when they are grown up, there will be no one who will want to fight!"

Clarence listened attentively and said, "I like that kind of peace talk, mother."

"That's all right, and I know by that, when you're a man, you'll like the other, too!" said father.

Mother added: "You'll like to know how the people of Hamburg have kept that cherry victory in memory: they put a spire to their great church, four hundred and seventy-three feet high, the highest spire in the world. I think their idea was that we must climb to heaven in thought and prayer if we want to bring heaven's peace down here upon earth!"—Louise A. Nash, in Christian Register.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PIECE BAG

Betty's feet dragged slowly along the hall.

"Why, what is the matter?" called mamma, cheerily. "Where has my little sunshine girl gone?"

Betty slipped quietly through the door.

"Mamma," she asked soberly, "why does God make some people, oh—so smart and other people just stupid?"

Mamma dropped her sewing, and gathered Betty in her arms. "That is rather a big question for a little girl to ask," she said, "and a very hard one for mamma to answer. Suppose we just try to find out why one little girl thinks she is stupid."

Betty's head rested on Mamma's shoulder.

"It's for Miss Gleason," she answered. "All the girls are going to give her a wedding gift next month when she is married. Margery has made such a pretty frame of German silver, Alice is crocheting her some table mats, Helen has made a little raffia basket, Beth has worked her two doilies, Hattie has painted a pretty plate; and I have tried so hard, mamma, but I can't do anything."

Mamma gave the little speaker a sympathetic pat, and Betty continued in a voice that trembled a little—

"My fingers seem all thumbs in braiding raffia, my roses and flowers in painting look all splashes, and I can't crochet, and I don't embroider; so what can I do?"

"You can sew," said mamma, thoughtfully. "I do not know a little girl of your age anywhere who can take such even, dainty stitches. Betty, I have an idea! We will go and call on Great-grandmother's Piece Bag."

"Grand-grandmother's Piece Bag!" repeated Betty, looking at her. "Mamma, what is that, and how will it help?"

"My grandmother," answered mamma, "all her life always saved all the pieces from everything she made. As she sewed a great deal for her own four sisters and their children, and for five of her own, and six grandchildren, she had bags and bags full of scraps. When she died I went through all the bags, and picked out the prettiest pieces, and put them in a great big bag, which I labelled, 'Grandmother's Piece Bag.' The others we gave away. As she was my grandmother, that makes her your great-grandmother, so you see what I meant when I said we would visit Great-grandmother's Piece Bag."

They were soon sitting on the attic floor, with the contents of the big bag emptied on a big sheet between them.

"Let me see," said Mamma, thoughtfully, "I think this piece of russet silk will do for one thing. That was a piece of your grandmother's wedding gown. There is a lot more of it, so we will use this.

"Here," mamma continued holding up a piece of sheer, white muslin with pink rosebuds embroidered on it, "is the dress my mother wore to the party where she met your grandmother."

"O mamma!" cried Betty, holding up a piece of goods, china blue with a dainty white vine running over it, "what a pretty dress this must have made!"

"That," said Mamma, "is called French calico. My uncle, mother's brother, brought it to me when I was five years old. Grandmother was visiting mother at the time, and made it up for me. This buff is French calico, too. I had some aprons made of it, bound with blue, to wear around the house. Grandmother always liked to see us take care of our dresses, and she made aprons like these for her daughters and grand-daughters. Now I think we have enough for today, and, if you are willing to sew an hour every day until school is through, I think you will have a nice present for Miss Gleason."

Every day after that, Betty rushed home from school; and, when the other grils urged her to stay and play "tag" and "hide-and-seek," she would say, "I can't girls. I am sorry, but I have something very important to do."

"Important," grumbled Hattie. "I suppose it's a big secret."

"You'll know some day," laughed Betty. "Alice, is your present for Miss Gleason finished?"

"I finished the last one last night," said Alice, proudly. "Mamma is going to tie them all up pretty to-day. We all give her our presents to-morrow, you know. What are you going to give her, Betty?"

"Come over to-night, all of you," answered Betty, "and I will show you. Mamma says come early, so you can stay and make some candy."

Seven o'clock found the six girls ringing Betty's door-bell. Betty herself let them in.

"Let us see quick, Betty," cried Helen. "You've seen all ours, you know. And you never told us what you were doing," she added, reproachfully.

Betty's face sobered. "I couldn't, Helen," she answered, "because I didn't know exactly myself until mamma showed me; and she said not to tell until we finished. It does not sound anything to tell," she added, "because I cannot make fancy things as you girls do, but it looks pretty now."

She led the way to the sitting-room, where spread out on the centre-table, was a big sheet of tissue paper, and lying upon it were a number of bags. But such bags! Beth picked up a dainty bag of white muslin with a wreath of blue forget-me-nots on it. Attached to it was a card which read—

"My first short dress in this you see;
Use it for spools, and think of me."

"Oh!" cried Hattie, picking up a bag made from the blue French calico, "what a pretty, pretty bag this is! And listen to this, girls—

" 'When from your sight dust tries to hide,
A useful friend you'll find inside.' "

"Oh, see!" she cried, opening it, and showing a neatly hemmed duster. "Isn't that a good idea?"

But Helen was already looking at the buff calico bag, with its draw-strings of blue ribbon. Taking up the card, she read—

"For scraps. May they be the only kind you ever have."

"That's papa," laughed Betty. "He would put that on, and it is the only one that isn't rhyme. See, there are just a dozen bags, of muslin, silk, and calico; and each one is for some special thing. I made them every bit myself, too, afternoons. I do hope Miss Gleason will like them."

And Miss Gleason did like them. For five years later, when she came with her husband to live near Betty's home, when the girls called to see her, she showed them every single one of Betty's bags still in use.—Emma F. Bush, in Zion Herald.

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Scarlet the holly berries glow
Above the winter's ice and snow,
On boughs whose leaves of glossy green
The brilliant fruitage fail to screen.

Gay are they as the red-bird's wing.
Or autumn's rosiest coloring
In sunset cloud, or leaflet spread
Upon the earth's frost-bitten bed.

The clustering berries brightly gleam
Amid the thorny leaves, and seem
Prophetic of a glorious Birth—
A thorn-crowned Sacrifice for earth.

May Life's barbed leaves for you thus bear
A fruitage wondrous bright and fair,
Since heaven's own gift at Christmastide
Is Love Incarnate, crucified.

—Seraph Maltbie Dean.

THE POWER OF PEACE.
B. Dudley Snudden.

He came to rule the world with peace,
To shape the empires to his way,
To bid perfidious evils cease,
Earth's millions hold beneath his sway.

Too long and loud our heathen boast.
The human wreckage lines the years,
The fruits of all our yesterdays—
Our triumphs seen through mists of tears.

Give all our war-gear to decay,
Let all unholy boastings cease,
Purge hearts of all idolatries,
The Son of Man is Prince of Peace.

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